

Requiem for an Obsolete Computer

by Judy Davies

A requiem mass has not been said,
but it's no secret – my computer's dead.
I can't download, upload or send email;
in most communications it's the holy grail.
Unable to Facebook, YouTube or even Tweet,
I'm hopelessly out of sync, it's total defeat.
I tried the help file, then called tech support;
suggested recovery met a flashing “abort.”
The cup holder isn't for a cup they say,
but for a compact disc that I could play.
What nonsense! 'Twas for my cup of tea;
its hole just the right size you can readily see.
When did my CPU move to obsolescence
and begin showing signs of senescence?
I babied it, dusted it and spoke kind words,
finally took it to one of those computer nerds.
He tried to revive it, but to no avail;
its pieces and parts left a smoking trail.
I had stored much of my work in a cloud,
but access to it I'm not allowed.
Requiescat in pace, my tired computer friend.
It's plain to see your use has reached its end.
I'm off to my nearest computer store
for a new CPU with a dual core.
It must have Intel and at least one terabyte,
run programs, provide storage with the speed of light.
I'll be able to catch up on emails just fine,
add more new programs; I'll be on cloud nine.
I'll be back in business in only a day or two
Just wait-my next email could be headed to you!